

# Secret Wireless at Newport Used By German Spies to Communicate With U-53

## VON PAPEN AND BOY-ED, AGAIN IN U. S., KEPT UP SPY WORK

The story of the imperial German Government's spies and plots in America, narrated by COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER, from facts furnished by WILLIAM J. FLYNN, recently retired Chief of the United States Secret Service.

### EPISODE XVI. Raid of the U-53

Harrison Grant, president of the Criminology Club, and Dixie Mason, of the Secret Service, did not wait for her suspicions in regard to the identity of the plotters who guided the campaign against cotton from the security of Mexico, to be proved or disproved. If Franz von Papen and Karl Boy-Ed, the former attaches of the German embassy in Washington, were again in America both wanted to know it, for nothing but evil and crime against the United States could be expected from either of them. The American consular and diplomatic services were still available in both Germany and Mexico, and it was these branches of the government to which Grant appealed for the information desired.

"It will be a comparatively simple thing to learn if von Papen and Boy-Ed are still in Germany," he said to Dixie in one of the numerous conferences held in regard to possibilities of the next outbreak on the part of imperial Germany against America. "If they are there then we must abandon the idea that they were ever in Mexico. If they are in Germany then we may assume that they were in Mexico directing the bollweevil, acid and fire attacks upon the cotton crop."

"Yes," proceeded Dixie, "and if the two captains who were guests at the Zacatecas consulate have already departed then it will be up to us to learn where they are."

Grant and Dixie plan campaign.

While waiting for the consular reports which had been previously mapped out, Dixie watched carefully for any signs of renewed activities in any of the German spy centers of the country by means of reports from Secret Service agents assigned to these districts. Grant devoted himself to a plan he had arranged with Mrs. Blank shortly after she had given her promise to her husband to receive attentions from Count von Bernstorff, the imperial German ambassador, who was infuriated with her, for the purpose of getting any advance tips upon crimes against America contemplated by the Hun which might be of use in the manipulation of the stock market.

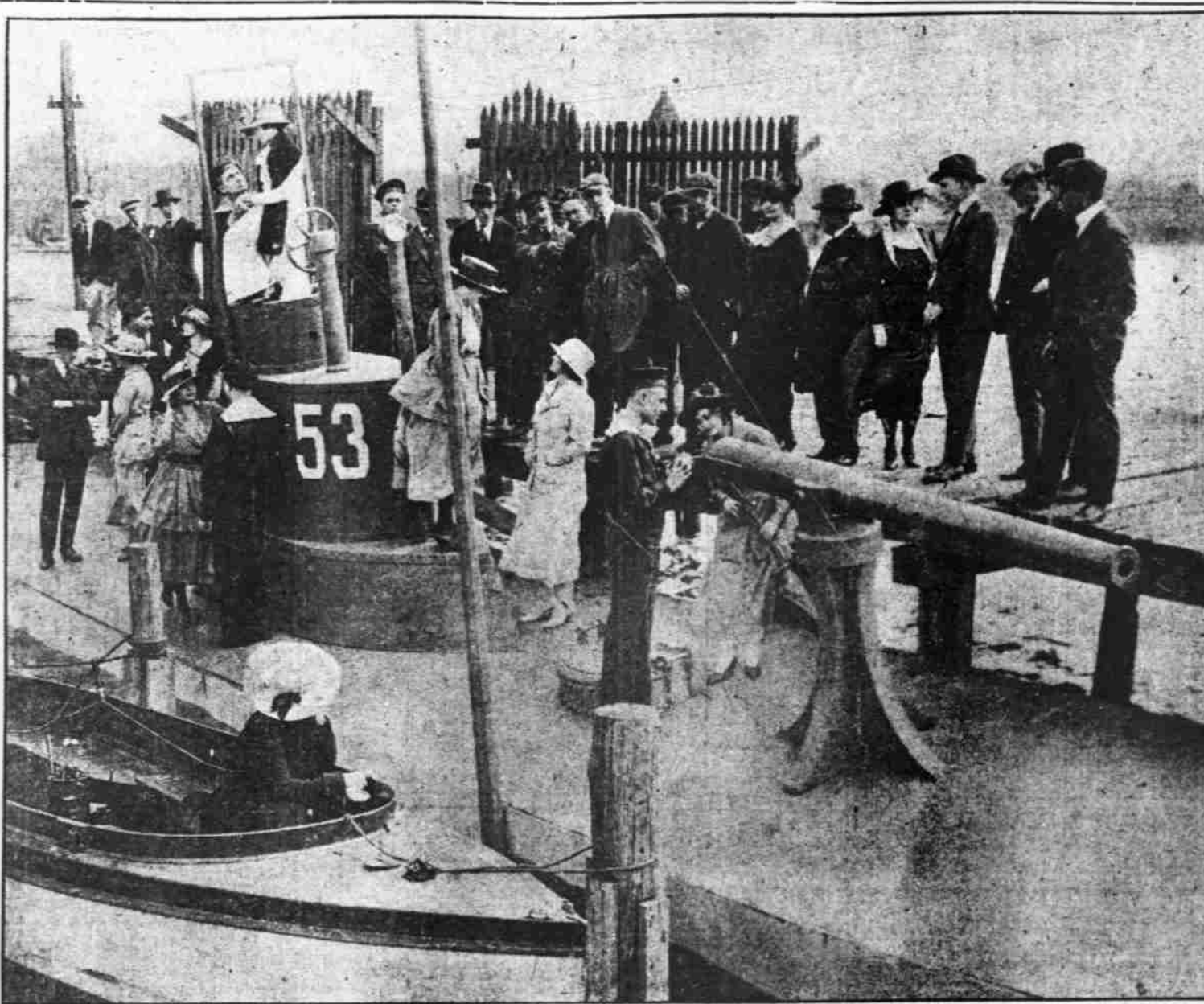
Grant had scarcely settled himself into position opposite her apartment for a long vigil when the signaling device began to bob up and down.

"B. greatly pleased over safe arrival of some one Frisco, through stupidity of patrol, also arrival of another in Maine. Help for Bobb (?) and then K. C."

The message was stopped in its sending three times by the assured signal for an interruption and ended with a flash which meant that Mrs. Blank was leaving the apartment, and would not return until very late. Grant lost no time in calling a taxicab and speeding to the Criminology Club with the intention of analyzing the message he had received.

He found Dixie Mason there just finishing the reading of confidential consular reports containing the in-

## U-53 Inspected by Society Folk on Its Visit to Newport



formation they had asked from Germany and Mexico.

"There is no doubt about von Papen and Boy-Ed having engineered the campaign against cotton from Mexico," said Dixie. "There is sufficient proof of that here, but they have already left Mexico, and their trail was lost almost as soon as they left Zacatecas."

"Then here is a great deal of help for us," responded Grant, as he laid Mrs. Blank's message on the table. "That 'patrol' evidently is the guard maintained on the Mexican border, and both of them have gotten through safely and are in the United States, one in San Francisco and the other in Maine."

"This is news," broke in Dixie. "That 'Bobb' that Mrs. Blank was not sure of means von Bopp, and whichever one of the two in San Francisco is there for the purpose of aiding the former consul general in preparing for his trial on the charges growing out of the reign of terror. After that matter is concluded, he will go to K. C."

"Kansas City," commented Grant. "And there is where I will meet whichever one it is," said Dixie. "His will be easy to find, for only the Dingleman case could take him there."

"A good plan, I think," commented Grant. "When will you start?"

"Some time tomorrow," responded Dixie. "There is no hurry. Kansas City is as far from San Francisco as it is from here, and whichever one of the rascals it is, he is evidently still in California."

Dixie Recognizes Boy-Ed.

As she was walking through the train in the Western city in the train of her porter, she passed within a few feet of a passenger who had just alighted from an eastbound train. The man started at the sight of her, but regained himself quickly when

Dixie walked on apparently without noticing him. But the little Secret Service operative had observed the start and also had recognized the man. It was Capt. Karl Boy-Ed, of the German navy, formerly naval attaché of the German embassy at Washington, but dismissed from the United States because of his violations of the espionage act. His hair was cut differently from the mode he had affected in his official capacity. A blond mustache aided in changing his appearance, and slouchy, baggy clothes had taken the place of the immaculate garb which had distinguished his appearance when he was an embassy attaché. But the change was not enough to deceive the Secret Service operative as to his identity.

Dixie had determined not to lose sight of Boy-Ed, and, after having encountered him, she stepped behind the first pillar she came to, and from this observation point had witnessed the sudden resolve not to stop in Kansas City. Then, as he showed his determination to watch the open side of the train until it started, she moved rapidly around to the blind side. She had just succeeded in reaching the opposite platform when the train started in motion. Quickly she looked down the long train and saw that her only chance to board it from that side was offered by the open door of a baggage car way down the platform near the engine.

"Can you make it?" she demanded of the driver of an electric baggage truck, pointing to the open door of the car. "Secret Service."

"I can, or burn out the motors," said the baggage handler, recognizing the shield; "nop on!"

Dixie Boards Train.

Then ensued as strange and as thrilling a race as had ever been witnessed by the few persons who were in position to see it. Under the guidance of the expert handler the truck leaped into speed far faster than it had ever been intended to go. It jumped and bounced over the board platform, threatening to overturn at any moment, but always gaining upon the train, which was so heavy that it was slow in picking up momentum. As the truck finally drew up to the door of the baggage car the speed of the train about equaled the heat that the truck could do, and the train was gaining every minute.

"Secret Service," yelled Dixie's driver to a man inside the car. The name of America's most celebrated investigating bureau again brought action. Dixie's upraised hands were grasped by a pair of brawny ones, and the little Secret Service operative was lifted upward and into the car. She turned to wave appreciation to her late driver just in time to see him make a wild jump, as the truck, reaching the end of the platform, careened off the end, plunged wildly, and then was smashed to bits under the wheels of the train.

Then she turned to the affair at hand. She decided to wait in the baggage car until the conductor had completed his trip through the train in order to learn the car which held Boy-Ed, so that she could avoid him. When the conductor appeared he told her of a precaution Boy-Ed had taken in making her glad she had remained in the baggage car.

"I know the fellow you mean," said the knight of the punch, "he just went through the whole train with me. Said he was looking for the friend he was going to visit in Kansas City had started East, and thought he might be on board. Guess it must have been you he was looking for."

It was in this manner that Dixie started on nearly three weeks of close trailing of the former naval attaché. Boy-Ed stayed in Chicago for three days apparently just killing time, for he went only to places of amusement and met no one. From Chicago he went to Cleveland, there to idle away more days, then to Pittsburgh, Scranton, and finally Baltimore, each journey taking him closer to the Atlantic seaboard. In Baltimore he received a telegram, the first message of any kind he had received since Dixie had been watching him. It seemed to contain news he had been waiting for as he went di-

rectly to his room, checked out, and made a train for Newport. Dixie had no time to get a copy of the telegram for she was on the same train which carried the spy.

In Newport the former naval attaché walked from the train to a small grocery store located near the docks. He seemed to be known to the proprietor and within a short time after his arrival, Dixie saw him reappear in front of the store wearing overalls and a blue shirt, a garb similar to that worn by all the street-keepers in the section.

Surmising that this meant a prolonged stay Dixie succeeded in renting a furnished room in a house directly across the street from the grocery store, where she had ample opportunity for watching Boy-Ed. To prepare for any contingency she arranged for a high-powered touring car and two chauffeurs from the Secret Service and housed them in a ramshackle barn in the rear of her lodgings.

Dixie Makes Discovery.

Then through the window of her room she began studying the building opposite. It was a wooden frame structure with signs of age and neglect on every part of it except the roof. This had evidently been newly tinned over within a very recent time, and Dixie studied it curiously to learn why so much attention had been given the roof when the remainder of the structure was permitted to deteriorate. The roof was flat and the tin, after being laid, had been coated with a dull black paint. Then she noticed that down the entire center the tin plates had been laid in alignment rather than in the criss-cross manner which is the approved manner of artisans to lessen the length of direct seams. She studied it carefully, and then, as if she had made an interesting discovery, she exclaimed:

"So that is why Boy-Ed is there. Well, it is turned to our advantage also."

She hurried to the improvised garage in the rear and gave one of the chauffeurs some hurried instructions. She then returned to the street and after looking up and down walked rapidly to a little store which made a specialty of objects attractive to children. There she selected an ordinary tin pea-shooter, a long hollow tube of tin. With this purchase over she went to a drug store across the street and bought a box of gelatine capsules, selecting a size which slipped easily through the pea-shooter. She also bought a quantity of phosphorus and returned to her room.

Then she hastily mixed the phosphorus with water, making a thin paste, then taking one of the capsules she filled it and after reclosing it, she fitted it into the pea-shooter. Through her open window she pointed the pea-shooter at the roof opposite and then with a quick blow sent the capsule speeding on its way. She watched carefully to see where it struck, and gave a little cry of gratification when she saw it resting on the aligned tin near the back end of the roof. She pressed several other capsules and shot them onto the tin roof of the grocery store, and was still engaged in the task when her two chauffeurs entered carrying a heavy trunk.

"I have an idea that the center of that roof has been arranged so that it can be raised upright to support wireless aerials," she explained to the men who had gazed wonderingly at the spectacle of a young woman using a pea-shooter. "With that point it would be invisible after dark when it was raised. The water mixed with this phosphorus will dissolve the gelatine caps, leaving patches of phosphorus wherever they strike which will be luminous enough to let me know when it is raised to receive a message, if my idea is correct."

Then she turned to the trunk and with one of the keys on a ring she carried in her hand bag, she unlocked it. Raising the lid she exposed that the entire receptacle was filled with a cylindrical object made of aluminum. It was about as large in diameter as an ordinary galvan-

tank was suspended on an arm of rigid steel directly in back of the window overlooking the street, with the bottom of the tank on a level with the sill. After inspecting the apparatus Dixie dismissed the two men and then settled herself for a long wait with her gaze directed at the roof opposite.

Surmise Proves Correct.

As darkness fell the results of Dixie's marksmanship with the pea-shooter of the afternoon became apparent. From the front to the rear the middle portion of the roof of the grocery store was splashed with the dull luminous glow of phosphorus which became more and more visible against the black roof as the darkness of the night became deeper. It was nearly midnight before Dixie received the proof that her theory in regard to the roof concealing a wireless was correct. Shortly before midnight she could distinguish the light of the phosphorus spots on the roof began slowly to rise forward and upward. There was not a sound that Dixie could distinguish, yet within a few seconds the position of the phosphorus glows indicated that the whole center section of the roof was standing upright, and the little Secret Service operative knew that there could be but one purpose for it—the support of wireless aerials to receive messages from the sea.

Dixie turned quickly to her own wireless plant. The turn of a key on the arm started the ear receivers of the head piece to clicking with the reception of wireless impulses. Dixie clamped the receivers over her ears and immediately began to pick up numerous reports of positions of ships at sea. After half an hour of almost unceasing calls the aerial support on the roof across the street began to lower itself and Dixie knew that the message which was awaited had been received. Quickly lowering her own apparatus, she fell to studying the various calls which she had recorded.

By means of a maritime register she checked off all the calls except one, which had been sent several times just before the spies had cut off their aerials. This signal call was "R-S," and there was no such call in the register. The call had been followed by a position about four days' run out in the Atlantic for a boat of average speed.

"So it is an unregistered boat of some description which engages the interest of Boy-Ed," commented Dixie. "Possibly a raider which has so far escaped the British cruisers, or an undersea boat of the Deutschland type."

The following night the report from the unregistered craft which was received about midnight showed that it was not coming as rapidly as Dixie had estimated, so she revised her schedule and set down the arrival of the craft, if it headed straight into Newport, as five days away. Reports on succeeding nights showed that her corrected surmise as to the speed was nearly right. Finally

came the dawn of the day which Dixie had marked for the arrival of the craft, and she was not surprised to see Boy-Ed in front of the store once more garbed in the slouchy business suit he had worn on his journey across the country.

U-53 Arrives in Newport.

The morning wore away without incident, but about 3 o'clock in the afternoon the Newport harbor was suddenly turned into a bedlam by the noisy shrieking of the whistles of siren of every boat at the docks. Dixie did not have to wait long for an explanation of the reason. A small boy, proudly taking the position of a news carrier, ran down the street, shouting at the top of his voice:

"A German submarine, the U-53, has just come in."

Boy-Ed stopped the boy, and after questioning him, gave him a piece of money. He was evidently well pleased with the information he had received, and immediately began peering expectantly up the street toward the docks. Fifteen minutes passed and then a taxi cab came rapidly down the street and stopped in front of the grocery store, and from it alighted a man in the uniform of a commander in the undersea division of the German navy. He saluted Boy-Ed, and then shook hands with him heartily. A moment later both men had reentered the machine, which turned and retraced its route.

Dixie's touring car was waiting for her when she got to the street, and taking the chance that Boy-Ed and Captain Rose, for it was the commander of the U-53, who had met Boy-Ed, were bound for the submarine she chose a side street, and drove with all speed to the dock at which the German aircraft was moored.

A gang plank was thrown to the dock, and it was announced that the boat was open for a short time to visitors. Dixie appreciated that it was strategy to permit Boy-Ed to get on board unobserved.

which had prompted the admission of visitors, and she pressed closely into the throng which flocked up the gang plank. Boy-Ed was but a few feet ahead of her. She saw the former naval attaché whisked through the door of a compartment which had not been opened to the sight-seers. A moment later she had darted through the same door and found herself at the head of the steel ladder leading into the bowels of the submarine. She slipped down noiselessly and found herself alone in the torpedo room of the craft.

Dixie Mason Starts On a Submarine Voyage.

Dixie secreted herself in one of the lockers with which the torpedo room was lined, as Captain Rose entered the room and ascended the ladder. A short time later she could hear the visitors being ordered ashore. Then came the throb of engines, the quivering of the boat as it was put in motion and Dixie Mason was started on a voyage, an uninvited passenger on an imperial German war vessel!

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Next Sunday's Episode—No. 17—GERMANY'S U-BOAT BASE IN AMERICA.

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From the Washington Post  
July 25, 1918.

### U.S. Thrift In France

War Has Been Put on Economic Basis by Gen. Pershing.

BUSINESS IN NEW SYSTEM.

By GEORGE ROTHWELL BROWN.

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War is the most expensive institution ever invented by man, and this one is no exception to the general rule. Hagglng over prices would have delayed the war game, and our first object has been to speed up our preparations. The coordination of supply, the new system under which France has already had a tendency to put our part of the war on a better business basis, and I believe that from now on greater economy will be possible.

Then she turned to the trunk and with one of the keys on a ring she carried in her hand bag, she unlocked it. Raising the lid she exposed that the entire receptacle was filled with a cylindrical object made of aluminum. It was about as large in diameter as an ordinary galvan-

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